LITERARY EXAMINER.

The Child and the Mourners.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, L. L. D.

A little child beneath a tree
Sat and chanted cheerily
A little song, a pleasant song
Which was—she sang it all day long—
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall;
But a good God reigns over all."

There passed a lady by the way,
Morning in the face of day:
There were tears upon her cheek,
Grief in her heart too great to speak;
Her husband died but yester-morn,
And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopped and listened to the child
That looked to heaven, and singing, smiled;
And saw not for her own despair,
Another lady young and fair,
Who also passing, stopped to hear
The infant's anthem ringing clear,

For she but a few days before
Had lost the little babe she bore;
And grief was heavy at her soul
As that sweet memory o'er her stole,
And showed how bright had been the Past,
The Present drear and overcast.

And as they stood beneath the tree
Listening, soothed and placidly,
A youth came by, whose sunken eyes
Spake of a load of miseries;
And he arrested like the twain,
Stopped to listen to the strain.

Death had bowed the youthful head
Of his bride beloved, his bride unwed;
Her marriage robes were fitted on,
Her fair young face with blushes shone,
When the destroyer smote her low,
And changed the lover's bliss to woe.

And these three listened to the song,
Silver-toned, and sweet, and strong,
Which that child, the livelong day,
Chanted to itself in play:
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall.
But a good God reigns over all."

The widow's lips impulsive moved;
The mother's grief tho' unreproved.
Softened as her trembling tongue
Repeated what the infant sung;
And the sad lover, with a start,
Conned it over to his heart.

And though the child—if child it were,
And not a seraph sitting there—
Was seen no more, the sorrowing three
Went on their way resignedly,
The song still ringing in their ears—
Was it music of the spheres?

Who shall tell? They did not know.
But in the midst of deepest woe
The strain recurred when sorrow grew,
To warm them, and console them too;
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

Story of Le Merle.

One September morning, of 183,—,—said he,—and a Sergent-de-ville tapped at the little door of the Conciergerie, and handed a slip of paper to my wife, asking, at the same time, if the persons whose names were written upon it, were lodgers in the house. My wife put on her spectacles, and read these names—*Jean et Lucie Le Merle*. There were no such persons among the lodgers.

The Sergent-de-ville asked if there had been such within the month past? My wife ran her eye over the little book she keeps for names—there were none like those upon the slip of paper which the officer had handed her. He seemed disappointed:—he asked her the number of the house, and the name of the owner; and pulling a small tablet from his pocket, compared, I suppose, what he had written, with the answers my wife had given him.——He still seemed dissatisfied, and wanted to see my wife's book of names.

The Sergent-de-ville did not succeed in his search:—he ordered that any persons with such names coming within the month, should be immediately reported to the Prefect of the Police,—enjoined secrecy for the time, and went away, leaving the slip of paper, and a piece of five francs at the Conciergerie. The last day of the month my wife and I dined upon a *Fricandeau de veau, au sauce tomate,—omelette au confiture,*—a Strasburg pie, and drank the health of the Sergent-de-ville, with a bottle of Chabis wine. No lodgers of the names on the paper had come.

A year after, in the month of September, when we had quite forgotten the names,—the five francs, and the dinner,—and there came up to me in the court of the Messageries Generales, a pale, thin man, leading a little girl of ten years, and asked me to take his portmanteau to number 26 *Rue St. Thomas du Louvre.*

—*Tres volontiers, Monsieur,*—said I,—since it is my home.

My wife showed him the very rooms Monsieur occupies at present. He glanced over the little courts upon which the windows look, seemed satisfied with appearances, and took the chambers. He handed my wife a card, on which was written—*Jean Le Merle et fille.*

As I said, we had quite forgotten the Sergent-de-ville, and the incident of the last September. Still it occurred to us, that there was something about the name, which the new lodger had given, not unfamiliar. So one evening, we rummaged the book, to see if we had had no such lodger before. We could find none like it; but just as we were shutting the book, and were wondering what made the name so familiar, a slip of paper fell out from between the leaves, on which was written *Jean et Lucie, Le Merle.*——On the instant, we remembered all about the Sergent-de-ville and the five francs, and the dinner.

Here was one of the persons whom we were to have reported;—but the time had gone by, a full twelvemonth. Besides, it seemed to us that the poor man had suffered enough of disquietude already; so we determined to send in the name as he had written it, with those of the other lodgers,—as it is our usual way, without any mention of the occurrence of the year before. The police, we thought, could not expect that five francs should make us, who see so many names, remember a single one, from one year's end to the other. Nor did we dare say anything about the slip of paper to our new lodger; in fact, we burnt it the same evening, and kept the matter wholly between ourselves.

The little girl who came with the new lodger was beautiful. She had long, black, glossy hair, that hung in curls over her neck, and an eye jet black, but with a strange look of sadness in it, for one so young. We saw little of her, however. Of a morning, they would go out together,—the little girl clasping firmly the hand of the pale gentleman, as if she were afraid to lose it one moment, and they would turn down across the crowed *Place du Palais Royal,*—and for two hours we would see no more of them. By and by they would saunter back,—the gentleman would take his key, without passing a word with my wife, and no more would be seen of them, until two or three hours afternoon. In passing by the barriers of the Tuileries at this hour, I have sometimes seen them sitting on a stone bench in the garden, or strolling under the trees,—and sometimes, though very rarely, I used to see the little girl playing with the other children about the green boxes of the orange-trees. She was always dressed richly and prettily; and my wife used to wonder if she could arrange her curls and her little gipsy bonnet so well, or if Monsieur himself arranged them for her. Often did the lodgers in the *entresol,*—an old man and his wife, who had lived in the same room for seven years,—ask who was the little black haired girl in the gipsy bonnet, that went tripping every day over the Place du Carrousel, clinging so firmly to the hand of the new lodger?

No one ever asked after Monsieur Le Merle;—no letters ever came to Monsieur Le Merle. Once only, a package was left by a facteur, addressed simply "Le Merle, 26 St. Thomas du Louvre." The next morning I saw a casket on the table, and afterward, on a day when it chanced to be open, I saw in it a rich pearl necklace. On Sundays, and on days of fete, the girl wore it, and it was rich enough for a Countess.

Sometimes, when I was waxing the floors in the corridor, I heard snatches of a soft song from these rooms, and it seemed to me, though I do not certainly know, that it was in a strange language. My wife, too, has said, that the talk of the little girl had a strange accent, as if, some day, she had spoken in another tongue. Her eye, too, was larger, and fuller, and sadder, than are the eyes of Parisian girls, and seemed to belong to a country farther to the South. A few books were always lying on the table of Monsieur, but were all of them in French; only once I saw upon the bureau a beautiful little volume with gold clasps, and a miniature of a lady in the cover,—and it was written in a language that I did not know. And once, only once that I remember, on a Sunday, when they went out—Monsieur said to Notre-Dame—the little girl carried the book with the gold clasps, and wore the same day the beautiful pearl necklace. On some days, Monsieur would go out for a time alone; and then we always noticed that the little girl,—whether from fear, or what I do not know,—took the key out of the door and fastened it from within.

Meantime we heard nothing from the police; everything went on quietly;—we should have thought no more about Monsieur Le Merle than any other of our lodgers, had it not been for the dark-haired girl, who seemed to have no other friend in the world.

One day it happened, that Monsieur had been gone longer than his usual time, and my wife heard a gentle tap at the window of the Conciergerie. It was the little girl of the Attic:—she had put on her bonnet, and come alone down the stairs;—she was afraid, she said, to stay so long alone in the great chamber:—she wanted to go out to find her papa. She did not know where he was gone, but she was sure she would find him. My wife persuaded her to put off her bonnet, and sit with her in the Conciegerie; and when it grew late, and still Monsieur Le Merle did not come, I brought her some dinner from a Restaurant, but she would scarce eat any thing for her fear.

At length, just at dusk, and while Monsieur Le Merle was still away, a carriage drove up to the door, and the footman tapped at the window-pane, and asked if it was 26 *St. Thomas du Louvre?*

—*Oui, Monsieur.*

—Madame wishes to see Lucie Le Merle.

—It is I—said the little girl:—till then we had not known her name. My wife led her out to the carriage. She said two ladies elegantly dressed were seated in it. One of them whispered a few words in the ear of Lucie. The poor child looked wonderingly in her face a moment—shook her head, and turning round to my wife, said—*Qui est elle—Je ne sais pas—moi.*

The lady whispered to the child again:—this time she touched a chord in the little girl's heart. A tear or two dropped from her young eyes—*Qui etus vous, donc, Madame, dites moi, je vous en prie.*

The lady whispered something more in Lucie's ear—what it was, my wife could not hear. Our little lodger ran up stairs, and came down with the casket, which had stood always upon the table under the mirror, and caught up her bonnet from the Conciergerie, and presently was in the carriage with the ladies.

—Your father?—said my wife, doubtingly.

—*Je vais le voir*—said our little lodger, and the carriage drove off, under the arch of the Louvre toward the Quay.

My wife and I were troubled: we sat up till midnight hoping to see Monsieur and the child again. I went up to look the chamber,—on this table was lying the book with the gold clasps: and it seemed to me, as I looked at it by the light of the candle, that there was something in the face painted upon it, like that of the black-eyed girl. I undid the clasps, and found written on the first leaf—*Lucie——a sa fille, Lucie.*

The next morning appeared Monsieur Le Merle. His face was haggard, as if he had not slept. His first inquries were for Lucie; and when we had told to him all that had happened the day before, he was made frantic. That very afternoon, he made me go with him, and stop by him, upon a seat up the Champs Elysees, to see if by chance. I could detect the carriage, or the ladies who had taken his treasure from him. We stopped until it was dark, but could see nothing of either.

The next morning a note was dropped through the window—by whom, my wife did not see, addressed simply *Le Merle,* and I remembered it was in the same hand,—at least so it seemed to me,—with the line on the first leaf of the book with the gold clasps.

Our lodger seemed startled when he read the note,—he paid us what was due for the rooms, and I took his portmanteau in the afternoon, and put it upon a coach in the Place du Palais Royal. He bade me good-day, slipped a piece of five francs in my hand, and I shut the door of the *fiacre.*

That very evening, at a little past ten, as my wife and I were enjoying a small cup of coffee, which we had ordered in from the Cafe du Danemarck, there was a slight tap at our window. It was a Sergent-de-ville. He handed us a slip of paper, and asked if the persons whose names were upon it, were lodgers at the house. My wife sat by the candle. She put on her spectacles and read—*Jean Le Merle et fille.*

Odd things come in our way every day—what with changes of lodgers and bad characters—but this was very odd. We told the Sergent all we knew of our lodgers on this floor, and he took me with him to the Place du Palais Royal. We inquired of every cabman upon the stand, but no one could tell us anything of Monsieur Le Merle. One only had seen me close the door of the coach; but it was not now upon the stand, nor did he know the number. The Sergent-de-ville asked particularly of the note of the morning, but I could tell him nothing:—he left me.

About a month after, the Officer called at our door, and asked me to go with him over the Pont Neuf. On the way, he told me that a body had been found that morning in the Seine, and in the coat pocket was found a note, crumpled and blurred, but they fancied they could make out the name—Le Merle. He led me straight to the Morgue. Three bodies were lying upon the tables, and a dozen or two of people were looking through the grating. The Sergent-de-ville pointed to me a body in the corner;—it must have been many days in the water. It was bloated to near twice its natural size, and the skin was of a dirty green color. Over the head of the body, against the wall, hung the simple dress of a gentleman—the dress that had been found on him. I could judge of nothing by the appearance of the body—it was a dreadful sight to look at.

The Sergent-de-ville asked the officer to pass the coat through the grating;—as he did so, and I took hold of it, I felt something hard in the breast pocket, and putting my hand in pulled out a small book with gold clasps. There had been a little miniature set in the binding, but the water had destroyed it. I opened the clasps, and found on the first leaf—*Lucie——a sa fille Lucie.*

I was then sure it was the book I had seen upon this table. I feared that it was truly the body of poor Le Merle, and told the Sergent-de-ville what I had known of the book. I ventured to ask him about Le Merle;—Mon Dieu! these officers of the Police have a short way with them, Monsieur!—he gave me a piece of five francs, and said it was all he wanted with me.

I felt a little sad when I got home about poor Le Merle—so did my wife. So at five o'clock, we spent the money of the Sergent for a good dinner of *beuf braise aux pommes*—two slices of melon, and a bottle of old Macon—*c'est bon, Monsieur, ce vieux Macon—c'est tres bon.*

—Yes, said I,—but did you never hear again of the little Lucille?

—*Jamais, Monsieur, Jamais.* My wife thought she saw her two years after, in a carriage, upon the Place de la Concorde; she said that she had grown more beautiful, but looked more sad. She thought she could not have mistaken her large, full eye, and said she saw on her neck, the same brilliant chain of pearls that used to lie in the casket.

—I should like very much to know her history,—said I.

—*Et moi aussi*—said the little concierge, as he gathered up his brushes to go below: —*Ah, elle etait, charmante, Monsieur, je vous assure;*—and he left me to think about the strange things he had told me,—things which I had not the least reason to distrust, since stranger ones are happening every year, and every month, in the great world of Paris.—*Fresh Gleanings, &c. by Ik. Marvel.*

Poesy.

The use of this feigned history hath been to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it; the world being in proportion inferior to the soul: by reason whereof there is agreeable to the spirit of man, a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety, than can be found in the nature of things. Therefore, because the acts or events of true history have not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of man, poesy feigneth acts and events greater and more heroical: because true history propoundeth the success and issues of actions not so agreeable to the merits of virtue and vice, therefore poesy feigns them more just in retribution, and more according to revealed providence: because true history representeth actions and events more ordinary and less interchanged, therefore poesy endueth them with more rareness, and more unexpected and alternative variations; so as it appeareth that, poesy serveth, and conformeth to magnanimity, morality and to delectation. *And therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind; whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things.* And we see, that by these insinuations and congruities with man's nature and pleasure, joined also with the agreement and consort it hath with music, it hath had access an estimation in rude times and barbarous regions, where other learning stood excluded. —*Bacon's Advancement of Learning.*

Law.—Law, in its present state, is a mystery. None of the uninitiated can enter even the vestibule of the temple. Law ought not to be a branch merely, but the chief branch of social ethics. Society knows nothing about it but by means of the lawyer. A digested code of plain, undeniable legal principles, founded on the morality of common sense, appliable to every day's transactions, might render the whole community wiser, better, more prudent, more cautious, and less litigious. Men would be better able to judge when they ought not to go to law. They would be better jurors, arbitrators, wiser and better citizens.—*Cooper.*

Religious Belief.

I envy no quality of the mind, or intellect in others: be it genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief, to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes, when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity makes an instrument of torture and shame the lader of ascent to Paradise: and far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair!

[*Sir Humphrey Davy's Salmonia.*

Moral Effects of Pestilence.—All witnesses, and a knowledge of our common nature, tell us that the continual recurrence of these scenes of sickness and death, instead of softening the heart, usually hardens it. Read the accounts of all great plagues; the plague at Athens—the plague at Milan, as described either in the historians of the day and the biographers of Cardinal Borromeo, or in the more popular pages of the best Italian novel, the "Promessi Sposi"—read the account of the plague in London—and you will see that in all these cases the bulk of the people become more reckless and profligate than ever.—*Viscount Ebrington.*

Wives.—Women should be acquainted that no beauty has any charms but the inward one of the mind: and that a gracefulness in their manners is much more engaging than that of their person; and that modesty and meekness are the true and lasting ornaments; for she that has these is qualified as she ought to be for the management of a family, for the education of children, for the affection of her husband, and submitting to a prudent way of living. These only are the charms that render wives amiable, and give them the best title to our respect.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

From the London Literary Gazette.

Never Rail on the World.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Never rail at the world—it is just as we make it,
We see not the flower if we set not the seed;
And as for ill luck, why 'tis just as we take it,—
The heart that's in earnest, no bars can impede.
You question the justice which governs man's breast,
And say that the search for true friendship is vain;
But remember, this world, tho' it be not the best,
Is the next to the best we shall ever attain.

Never rail at the world, nor attempt to exalt
That feeling which questions society's claim;
For often poor Friendship is less in the fault,
Less changeable oft, than the selfish who blame;
Then no'r by the changes of fate be depressed,
Nor wear like a fetter Time's sorrowful chain;
But believe that this world, tho' it be not the best,
Is the next to the best we shall ever attain.

Think Ere You Speak.

Think ere you speak, for a word lightly spoken
Oft wakens a pang which has slumbered for years:
And memory's repose, when once it is broken,
May turn a sweet smile into sadness and tears.
No pleasure can then chase the gloom from the mind,
Or recall the sweet smile which has played on the cheek; [twined;
With the heart's deepest sorrow that word may be
Then strike not the chord—but think ere you speak.

Pleasures of a Patriot.

BY LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Neither Montaigne in writing his essays, nor Descartes in building new worlds, nor Burnet in framing an antediluvian earth, no, nor Newton in discovering and establishing the true laws of nature on experiment and a sublimer geometry, felt more intellectual joys than he feels who is a real patriot, who bends all the force of his understanding, and directs all his thoughts and actions, to the good of his country. When such a man forms a political scheme, and adjusts various and seemingly independent parts in it to one great and good design, he is transported by imagination, or absorbed in meditation, as much and as agreeably as they; and the satisfaction that arises from the different importance of these objects, in every step of the work, is vastly in his favor. It is here that the speculative philosopher's labor and pleasure end. But he who speculates in order to act, goes on and carries his scheme into execution. His labor continues, it varies, it increases; but so does his pleasure too. The execution, indeed, is often traversed, by unforseen and untoward circumstances, by the perverseness or treachery of friends, and by the power and malice of enemies: but the first and the last of these animate, and the docility and fidelity of some men make amends for the perverseness and treachery of others. Whilst a great event is in suspense, the action warms, and the very suspense, made up of hope and fear, maintain no unpleasing agitation in the mind. If the event is decided successfully, such a man enjoys a pleasure proportionable to the good he has done—a pleasure like that which is attributed to the Supreme Being on a survey of his works. If the event is decided otherwise, and usurping courts or overbearing parties prevail, such a man has still the testimony of his conscience, and a sense of the honor he has acquired: too soothe his mind and support his courage. For although the course of state affairs be, to those who meddle with them, like a lottery, yet it is a lottery wherein no good man can be a loser: he may be reviled, it is true, instead of being applauded, and may suffer violence of many kinds. I will not say, like Seneca, that the noblest spectacle which God can behold is a virtuous man suffering, and struggling with afflictions; but this I will say, that the second Cato, driven out of the forum, and dragged to prison, enjoyed more inward pleasure, and maintained more outward dignity, than they who insulted him, and who triumphed in the ruin of their country.

(From Leigh Hunt's Men, Women, and Books.)

Beauty.

Criticism on the Mouth.

The mouth, like the eyes, gives occasion to so many tender thoughts, and is so apt to lose and supersede itself in the affectionate softness of its effect upon us, that the first impulse, in speaking of it, is to describe it by a sentiment and a transport. Sir John Suckling, in his taste of an under lip, is not to be surpassed:

"Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared with that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly."

The upper lip, observe, was only comparatively thin. Thin lips become none but shrews or niggards. A rosiness beyond that of the cheeks, and a good-tempered sufficiency and plumpness, are the indispensable requisites of a good mouth. Chaucer, a great judge, is very peremptory in this matter:

"With pregnant lippes, thick to kiss percase;
For lippes thin, not fat, but ever lean,
They serve of naught; they be not worth a bean;
For if the base be full, there is delight."
The Court of Love.

For the consolation, however, of those who have thin lips and are not shrews or niggards, we must give it here as our opinion, founded on what we have observed, that lips become more or less contracted in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humor and generosity, or peevishness and a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-temper or grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be the effect of an habitual series of such moments. Remark the reverse, and make a similar judgment. The mouth is the frankest part of the face. It can the least conceal the feelings. We can hide neither ill-temper with it nor good. We may affect what we please, but affectation will not help us. In a wrong cause it will only make our observers resent the endeavor to impose upon them.—The mouth is the seat of one class of emotions as the eyes are of another; or rather, it expresses the same emotions, but in a greater detail, and with a more irrepressible tendency to mobility. It is the region of smiles and dimples, of a trembling tenderness, of sharp sorrow, of a full and breathing joy, of candor, of reserve, of a carking care, of a liberal sympathy. The mouth, out of its many sensibilities, may be fancied throwing up one great expression into the eyes, as many lights in the city reflect a broad lustre into the heavens. On the other hand, the eyes may be supposed the chief movers, influencing the smaller details of their companion, as heaven influences earth. The first cause in both is internal and deep-seated.

The more we consider beauty, the more we recognize its dependence on sentiments. The handsomest mouth, without expression, is no better than a mouth in a drawing-book. An ordinary man, on the other hand, with a great deal of expression, shall become charming. One of the handsomest smiles we ever saw in a man was that of a celebrated statesman who is reckoned plain.—How handsome Mrs. Jordan was when she laughed, who, however, was not a beauty. If we only imagine a laugh full of kindness and enjoyment, or, a "giddy laugh," as Marot calls it—*un peit ris folatre*—we imagine the mouth handsome, as a matter of course; at any rate for the time. The material obeys the spiritual. Anacreon beautifully describes the lip as "a lip like Persuasion's," and says it calls upon us to kiss it. "Her lips," says Sir Philip Sidney, 'though they were kept close with modest silence, yet, with a pretty kind of natural swelling, they seemed to invite the guests that looked on them.'

A mouth should be of good natural dimensions, as well as plump in the lips."

Brock.

A half-hour's sail brought us in sight of the church spire, rising from among the trees; and soon appeared the chimney-tops, and finally the houses themselves, of the little town of Broek,—all prettily reflected in a clear side-basin of the canal.

A town it hardly is; but a group of houses among rich trees, where eight hundred neighbors live, and make things so neat, that strangers come a thousand miles for a look at the wondrous nicety. Passing by the basin of smooth water that reflected so prettily the church and the trees, we stopped before a little inn, finely shaded with a beech trained into an arbor all over the front. A very, very pretty blue-eyed Dutch girl of sixteen, received me. We could talk nothing together; But there happened a stupid old Meinheer smoking with his wife at the door, through whom I explained my wants.

I saw by the twinkle in her eye that she comprehended. If I had spoken an hour it could not have been better—my dinner. There were cutlets white as the driven snow, and wine with cobwebs of at least a year's date on the bottle, and the nicest of Dutch cheese, and strawberries, and profusion of delicious cream.

The blue-eyed girl had stolen out to put on another dress, while I was busy with the first cutlet; and she wore one of the prettiest little handkerchiefs imaginable on her shoulders, and she glided about the table so noiselessly, so charmingly, and arranged the dishes so neatly, and put so heaping a plateful of strawberries before me, that—confound me! I should have kept by the dinner-table until night, if the old lady had not put her head in the door, to say—there was a person without, who would guide me through the village.

—And who is to be my guide?—said I, as well as I could say it.

The old lady pointed opposite. I thought she misunderstood me, and asked her again.

She pointed the same way—it was a stout woman with a baby in her arms!

Was there ever such a Cicerone before? I looked incredulously at my hostess; she looked me honestly enough back, and set her arms a-kimbo. I tried to understand her to point to her blue-eyed daughter, who was giggling behind her shoulder—but she was inexorable.

I grew frightened; the woman was well enough, though jogging upon forty. But the baby—what on earth should it be doing: suppose she were to put it in my arms in some retired part of the village? Only fancy me six leagues from Amsterdam, with only ten guilders in pocket, and a fat Dutch baby squalling in my hands! But the woman—with a ripe, red, laughing cheek, had a charitable eye, and we set off together.

Not a bit, though, could we talk, and it was—*nichts, nichts,* however I put the questions. Nature designed eyes to talk half a language, and the good soul pleaded to me with hers for the beauty of her village;—words of the old Cicerone could not plead stronger. And as for the village, it needed none. It was like dreaming; it was like fairy land.

Away, over a little bridge we turned off the tow-path of the canal, and directly were in the quiet ways of town. They were all paved with pebbles or bricks, arranged in every quaint variety of pattern; and all so clean, that I could find no place to knock the ashes from my pipe. The grass that grew up every where to the edge of the walks was short—not the prim shortness of French shearing, but it had a look of dwarfish neatness, as if custom had habituated it to short growth, and habit become nature. All this is the public highway—not five yards wide, but under so strict municipal surveillance, that no horse or unclean thing was allowed to trample on its neatness. Once a little donkey, harnessed to a miniature carriage, passed us, in which was a Dutch Miss, to whom my lady patroness with the baby bowed low. It was evidently, however, a privileged lady, and the donkey's feet had been waxed.

Little yards were before the houses, and these stocked with all sorts of flowers, arranged in all sorts of forms, and so clean—walks, beds, and flowers—that I am sure, a passing sparrow could not have trimmed his feathers in the plat, without bringing out a toddling Dutch wife with her broom. The fences were absolutely polished with paint; and the hedges were clipped—not with shears, but scissors. Now and then faces would peep out of the windows, but in general the curtains were close drawn. We saw no men, but one or two old gardeners and a half-a-dozen painters. Girls we met, who would pass a word to my entertainer, and a glance to me, and a low courtesy, and would chuckle the baby under the chin, and glance again. But they were not better dressed, nor prettier, than the rest of the world, besides having a great deal shorter waists and larger ancles. They looked happy, and healthy, and homelike.

Little boys were rolling along home from school—rolling, I mean, as a seaman rolls—with their short legs, and fat bodies, and phlegmatic faces. Two of them were throwing off hook and bait into the canal from under the trees; and good fishers, I dare say, they made, for never a word did they speak; and I almost fancied that if I had stepped quietly up, and kicked one of them into the water, the other would have quietly pulled in his line—taken off his bait—put all in his pocket, and toddled off in true Dutch style, home, to tell his Dutch mamma.

Round pretty angles that came unlooked for, and the shady square of the church—not a sound anywhere—we passed along, the woman, the baby, and I. Half a dozen times, I wanted Cameron with me to enjoy a good Scotch laugh at the oddity of the whole thing; for there was something approaching the ludicrous in the excess of cleanliness—to say nothing about my stout attendant, whose cares and anxieties were most amusingly divided between me and the babe. There was a large garden, a phthisicky old gardener took me over, with pupetts in cottages, going by clock-work—an old woman spinning, dog barking, and wooden mermaids playing in artificial water; these all confirmed the idea with which the extravagant neatness cannot fail to impress one, that the whole thing is a mockery and in no sense earnest.

From this, we wandered away in a new quarter, to the tubs, and pans and presses of the dairy. The woman waiting gave a suspicious glance at my feet when I entered the cow-stable; and afterward, when she favored me with a look into her home, all beset with high-polished cupboards and china, my steps were each one of them regarded—though my boots had been cleaned two hours before—as if I had been treading in her churn, and not upon a floor of stout Norway plank. The press adorned with brazen weights, and bands shining like gold. The big mastiff who turned the churn was sleeping under the table, and the maid showed me the women milking over the low ditches in the fields,—for the sun was getting near to the far away flat grounds in the West.

With another stroll through the clean streets of the village, I returned to my little inn, where I sat under the braided limbs of the beech-tree over the door. There was something in the quiet and cleanliness that impressed me like a picture, or a curious book. It did not seem as if healthy flesh and blood, with all its passions and cares, could make a part of such a way of living. It was like reading a Utopia, only putting household economy in place of the *politeia* of Sir Thomas More. I am sure that some of the dirty people along the Rhone, and in the Vallais Canton of Switzerland, if suddenly translated to the grass slopes that sink into the water at Broek, would imagine it some new creation.

So I sat there musing before the inn, looking out over the canal, and the vast plain with its feeding flocks, and over the groups of cottages, and windmills, and far-off delicate spires.—*Fresh Gleanings; &c. by Ik. Marvel.*

Forgiveness.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;
So, turning gloomily from my fellow men,
One Summer Sabbath day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial place;
Where, pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level—and how, soon or late, [face
Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart—
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave, [give!
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I for-

J. G. Whittier.

Pride.—Pride, according to the [illegible] of some, is the universal passion. [illegible] are others who consider it as the foible of great minds; and others again who will have it to be the very foundation of greatness; but the real greatness, which is the union of a good heart with a good head, it is almost diametrically opposite, as it generally proceeds from the depravity of both, and almost certainly from the badness of the latter. Indeed, a little observation will show us that fools are the most addicted to this vice, and a little reflection will teach us that it is incompatible with true understanding. Accordingly, we see that while the wisest of men have constantly lamented the imbecility and imperfection of their own nature, the meanest and weakest have been trumpeting forth their own excellencies, and triumphing in their own sufficiency —*Fielding.*

Widely-varied Reading.—Keep your views of men and things extensive, and depend upon it that a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one. As far as it goes, the views that it gives are true; but he who reads deeply in one class of writers only gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow but false. Adjust your proposed amount of reading to your time and inclination. You are perfectly free to every man; but whatever that amount be large or small, let it be varied in its kind, and widely varied. If you have a confident opinion on any one point connected with the improvement of the human mind, it is on this.—*Dr. Arnold.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Save all the Farm Yard Manure.—In the midst of haying we have dull days, and some of these may be devoted to scraping up and saving in heaps what would be otherwise scattered to the winds. If a boy drives the cows away to pasture, let him have a shovel and cover up each morning what the cows drop in the yard, whether liquid or solid. And to aid him in this business, cart a few loads of loam and drop them in different parts of the yard.

In this way, manure may be so increased through the summer, as to be of twice as much value as it otherwise would. The cow boy ought always to drive the cows two or three times about the yard, before he lets them out, for if they are driven off before moving around they drop manure in the highway where it is lost.

Farmers are much in the practice of throwing loam into their pig-pens, and this is well, but it is quite as important to attend to the cow-yard at this season as to the pig-pen.

This summer manure will all be wanted for summer, or September seeding, and the time to prepare it and make it fine enough for use is in the dull weather which we seldom fail to have in July.—*Ploughman.*

How a Farmer out West preserves his Eggs.—A two gallon pot is filled with eggs; and one pint of lime, of the consistency of common whitewash, is poured in, and the pot is filled with water. A board is then placed on the top, and the water, which is never changed, as well as the eggs, remains pure and sweet. This practice is the one most common in France, the inhabitants of which, to their love of frogs and soup, add also it appears, a very commendable taste for eggs.

Salt and Ashes for Stock.

Some years since I saw it recommended in an Agricultural Journal to mix salt with ashes for stock. Having tested the utility of the practice, I am now prepared to speak favorably of it, and form a firm conviction that stock of all descriptions, are essentially benefitted thereby. My cows, work horses, and young cattle, as well as sheep, have been regularly supplied with it as often as once a week, for two years, and notwithstanding the feed in the pastures, during a part of the grazing period of both seasons, was quite short in consequence of the prevalence of severe dought, the stock generally has remained in excellent condition; much better, indeed, than I have seen them for years.

Sheep, especially, are extremely fond of it, preferring it to fine salt, and partaking of it with almost the same avidity with which, when hungry, they devour their meal or grain. As to the general efficacy of the practice, and its tendency as respects the health of the stock, I will merely say in conclusion, that I am acquainted with several discriminating farmers who have made the same trial, and that in no instance with which I am familiar, or which has fallen under our direct personal observation, has it been attended with other than the best results. The salt should be fine and the ashes dry and free from coals. If thought necessary, the salt may be increased in quantity, to two or even three parts, instead of one. Try it, farmers, and see if it doth not "do good like a medicine."

In the season of pasturing, I usually have several boxes or long troughs placed in a shed or out building to which the animals can at all times have free access, and which I keep constantly supplied with a quantum sufficient of the mixture. This plan is necessary, as an open exposure of the receptacles would subject the salt to injury in rainy weather.

SCIENTIFIC.

The correspondent of the London Literary Gazette, writing from Brussels, announces as follows:—"The Rev. Father Maces, Professor of Natural History in the College of La Paix, at Nemours, has just made a discovery of great scientific importance. Guided by his theory of electricity, the first intimation of which is found in a notice printed in the bulletins of the Royal Academy, No. 5, he has, it is asserted, succeeded in transforming the solor light into electricity. His apparatus, which is extremely simple, spoke several times under the influence of the light, and remained mute without the influence—all the other circumstances remaining the same. Even when one witnesses the phenomenon, one scarcely ventures to trust one's own eyes: yet the indications of electricity are evident."

Improvement of the Telescope.—A combination of the telescope with the daguerreotype has recently been effected in its application to astronomical purposes by the Royal Society of Bohemia. Professor Doppler says that notwithstanding the extreme susceptibility of the human eye, it is surpassed many thousand times by an iodized silver plate. The physiological researches of Muller and Weber have shown that the diameter of one of the pupillæ of the retina is no more than the 1-8000 of an inch. But comparing the susceptibility of the retina pupillæ with microscopic experiments made with Daguerre's plates, a single globule of mercury only becomes visible by an eight hundred-fold magnifying power microscope, and on the space of a Daguerre plate equal to one retina pupillæ more than 40,000 minute globes are to be met with. Each of these is capable of producing the image of well defined objects. Thence Prof. Doppler argues that Daguerre's plates are 40,000 times more susceptible of impressions than the human eye. At the exact point, therefore, when the image of a celestial body is formed before the object lens of a telescope of considerable length, an apparatus is to be placed where a silver iodized plate can be securely inserted. As the place of image is the same for all celestial objects, a plate of well defined constant thickness can be inserted with great accuracy. In this way images of the smallest fixed stars can be obtained if the light will be sufficient to affect the plates. As these images will have been magnified (through the action of an object lens, say 110 inches focal length) to the extent of fourteen times their natural appearance, and again magnified twelve hundred fold, the angle of vision under which they are now to be viewed will have been increased sixteen thousand fold.

Important Improvement in the Generation of Heat.—We have lately examined the new furnace, erected at the New England Screw Factory by D. Griffin & Co., upon a new plan, calculated to make an immense saving in the consumption of the smoke of gasses, in which form so great a portion of the fuel in the ordinary furnaces passes off. This is effected by the substitution of an artificial for the natural draft, by which the whole heat is so completely confined under the boilers, and expended in the generation of steam, that scarcely a perceptible amount escapes, and the haud can be held in the chimney without any unpleasant sensation of heat. The high and expensive chimneys now in use are not required by this plan, and the cost of the furnaces is considerably reduced, while the application of the principle to old furnaces is easy and cheap. We are of opinion that fully one-third, and in some cases more, of the fuel ordinarily consumed may be saved by this invention; and we think that no one who examines it will fail to give them the preference over any other form of furnace now in use.—*Providence Journal.*